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A JOURNAL
OF
INCIDENTS
CONNECTED WITH THE
TRAVELS
OF THE
TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT CONN. VOLUNTEERS,
FOR NINE MONTHS.
IN VERSE.

BY AN ORDERLY SERGEANT.

Price 25 Cents.

HARTFORD:
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INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL

OF THE

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT C. V.

TUNE—*Kitty Wells.*

Now soldiers, listen to my story,
For I have something to relate,
About the gallant twenty-second,
That left my own, my native State.
'Twas '62, month of September,
That she did call each noble son,
To boldly rally to the rescue,
For the defense of Washington.

CHORUS.—And we said we are one in this contest,
We are bound to help our brothers now in arms,
Though our wives and our children we leave sighing,
They must not deter us by their charms.

We started the second of October,
Nine hundred stout and hearty men,
The rain was beating on the pavement,
And the mud it covered every shin.
The wife was parting with her husband,
The mother sighing for her son,
The sweetheart bid adieu her loved one,
All saying they never will come home.

CHORUS.—But the boat lay at the wharf waiting,
And our brothers they are waiting in the field,
And the rain still pattered on the pavement,
And Heaven was the soldier's only shield.

The Granite State it was our transport,
 And soldiers she had carried too before,
 To fight the battles of our country,
 On the soil of the old Potomac shore.
 Weary was the soldiers' pillow,
 Sad thoughts were running in his mind,
 The floor it was his bed of feathers,
 He thinks of those he left behind.

CHORUS.—But the engine continually working,
 Is wafting him far from his native shore,
 And the pilot is steering some a journey,
 He'll never steer them back from any more.

We landed safely in our largest city,
 And breakfasted in order, on hot soup,
 Then the Kill Von Kull, it took us at the Battery
 And landed us in Elizabethport.
 Then our track it was the Central Railroad,
 And our transports were some ugly cars
 What looked as if they'd carried soldiers
 In seventy-six, or other ancient wars.

CHORUS.—And the shrill whistle blowed the notes of warning,
 And the wooden boxes soon began to move,
 And in three days we landed at a camp ground
 In the city which *many* people love.

Now many had listed in the army,
 With a mind to see the sights away from home,
 Especially in that exalted city,
 Named after our noble Washington ;
 Not thinking it was the soldier's duty
 To keep away from all hotels and spires,
 And tramp in the dust and mud at noonday,
 Or shivering sit down by his lone camp fires.

CHORUS.—For it's short time the soldier has of learning,
 Especially those of a certain class,
 In order that they may see the city,
 'They must obtain a Major-General's pass.

We'd often grumbled at our rations,
 Not being what we used to get at home,
 Our sugar's not sufficient for our coffee,
 No meat but has its share of bone.

No ham, but what it was a shoulder,
 No apples, but some that have been dried,
 No pork but was a little musty,
 No beef that ever could be fried.

CHORUS.—But now there's maggots in the bacon,
 That would transport it to us or away,
 And the rice it is musty, crackers mouldy,
 I'll not attempt to tell you what they say.

Some days were pleasant, other stormy,
 Some rations good, and others poor,
 And soon we marched to Ethan Allyn,
 That we might feel the more secure.
 Its walls were guarded by brave soldiers,
 Its cannon pointed to the foe,
 Our place we well knew at the breastwork,
 Where in the hour of trouble we could go.

CHORUS.—But the barn was built in the wrong quarter,
 And the General's place some N. Y. man must fill,
 So we had orders very quickly
 For duty to report at Miner's Hill.

Then all our hopes on earth were blasted,
 We certainly was moving to the front.
 And truly now the nine months soldiers,
 Of war must bear of all the rest the blunt.
 Thus days and nights they went on gloomy,
 We borrowed of trouble quite a share,
 We learned another path to Ethan Allyn,
 That we might go in danger even there.

CHORUS.—And the frost colored leaves were falling,
 And the winter days were really coming o'er
 And Burnside was moving his great army
 In haste, to the Rappahanock shore.

The wives wrote sad letters to their husbands,
 The mothers sent their warnings to their sons,
 The girls sent their greetings to their loved ones,
 And told them they must have an answer soon ;
 The merchant told the clerk he surely missed him ;
 The farmer's boy, 'twas hard his place to fill,
 The sweetheart that she'd certainly have kissed him
 If he had staid but longer on the sill.

CHORUS.—But the drum beat early in the evening,
 And the three taps sent the soldier to his bed
 To dream that the hand that wrote the missive
 Was feeling so softly o'er his head.

Then the drum beat early in the morning,
 He is detailed for the picket, or the guard,
 And as he is eating his poor breakfast
 He thinks the soldier's duty is quite hard;
 And when that sad and quiet meal is ended,
 He packs the soldier's blanket on his back,
 And wends his journey far away from comrades,
 For diligence the soldier must not lack.

CHORUS.—While the cold rain is pouring from the Heavens,
 And the ice is making hard upon the road,
 But the soldier must mind his daily duty,
 Though he's frozen to the ground beneath his load.

Then the comrade left behind in camp for duty,
 Must drill from eight to twelve, from two till four.
 With shoulder, present, support, and to order,
 Right dress, and double-quick, and many more.
 Guard, right-rear-volt, left-volt, and in tierce parry,
 Passade, and lunge, lunge-out, and in prime thrust,
 And every time the soldier seems to tarry,
 The order is imperative, you *must*.

CHORUS.—But the doctor can clear us in the morning,
 And give us a clean title for that day,
 And for all this the soldier is quite thankful,
 And the surgeon is a gentleman, they say.

Thus day and night is spent in joy, or sorrow,
 Away from marble floors, and feather-beds,
 No answer comes when calls are made for beefsteak,
 Or ham-and-eggs,—but rice, and soup instead.
 There's no response to call for extra blanket,
 To keep the cold from wet and shivering limbs,
 The soldier's here to fight for God, and Country,
 And what are all these luxuries to him.

CHORUS.—But a sure guide we've got for our journey,
 And to him we'll ever look in trial's day.
 For blessings from his hand we all are thankful,
 For more as the time passes, we will pray.

TUNE—*The girl I left behind me.*

But some bright spots the soldier has,
 In this his life of sorrow,
 Our surgeon says our tents are poor,
 We'll build some huts to-morrow.
 The place was soon selected, and
 And the axes were forth-coming,
 We're by the woods protected, for
 Our surgeon is quite cunning.

Our Colonel's hut was built of logs,
 And with good boards was covered,
 And when Drum-major blew his horn,
 The captains to it hovered.
 The Adjutant's was thatched with mud,
 And covered o'er with sheeting,
 We also built a larger one,
 In which to hold our meetings.

Some of our huts were roofed with mud,
 And some with chestnut shingled,
 With streets, and avenues, laid out,
 In which the soldiers mingled.
 And then we cleared a spot of ground,
 Of all the trees, and bushes,
 And at the sound of the long-roll,
 The soldier to it rushes.

And then we had dozen mules,
 To draw to us our rations,
 And every soldier knew his place,
 Whate'er his rank, or station.
 We also raised a Liberty pole,
 'Twould made a deal of fuel,
 And to the top we raised the flag,
 Furnished by Mr. Jewell.

We had at breakfast no hot cakes
 That we might spread with cream-o'er,
 But all our Love-letters were sent
 By Sergeant-major Seymour.
 And when we left our wooden huts,
 To go to front on picket,
 We'd always search, when we got back,
 For fear we'd caught a cricket.

One night at twelve we're called to arms,
 To march to Mills's Cross-roads,
 They said the Rebs were there as thick
 As twice as many hop-toads.
 We were on hand and took the lead
 Of Bay State, and Rhode-Island,
 We thought we had the Rebs pent in,
 And for a fight we're spiling.

We waited for a night and day,
 And searched the woods to find them,
 They soon got out, as they got in,
 Our Brigade could not bind them.
 Then back we went unto our huts,
 We'd done a soldier's duty,
 We lost the Rebs, but still we got
 Lots of good mud, for *boot-y*.

On Christmas all our friends at home
 Sent us a pile of chickens,
 And cakes, and pies, and *raizins* too,
 And lots of other fixings.
 Some eat, as if they'd eat before,
 Some gluttoned like a sturgeon,
 And the next morning did apply
 For relief to the surgeon.

Through picket guard, battallion drill,
 However hard it showered,
 We could not come on dress parade
 Until our guns are scoured.
 Also white gloves, blacked boots and brushed,
 To please our noble Colonel,
 We would not mind if he'd blacked his
 Instead of asking Burnell.

Our friends, for many we have got,
 Come from afar to visit,
 The same I 'spose to Barnum's stopped
 To see the great "What is it."
 They shook our hand and praised our band,
 Our drilling was excellent;
 And when we had our dress parade,
 We certainly was gallant.

Our Colonel, mounted on his horse,
 A sprightly little stallion,
 He marched us far, to a large field,
 And drilled us in battallion.
 Thus day and night, through storm and cold,
 We toiled, and eat, and fasted,
 Well knowing we'd to stay our time,
 However long it lasted.

On Sundays we were dressed in line
 To have ourselves inspected
 By Colonel B. or General C.,
 Or others 'twere elected.
 They read to us most all the laws,
 Except the laws of Moses,
 And some of them—we must not *swear*—
 Until inspection closes.

TUNE—*Nellie Gray.*

Our drill became efficient, and we gloried it was so ;
 For we're tired of this routine every day ;
 And our purse is getting empty, and we know not what to do :
 There's no money in the treasury, they say.
 But we've listed in the army, and our time we're bound to serve ;
 And we'll try and do our duty while we stay.
 We have foes before that hate us ; but it lessens not our nerve :
 We are bound to meet them boldly in that day.

Our place was so convenient, so well guarded from the foe,
 And our quarters were so pleasant and secure
 That the wives made it their residence: 'twas hard to make
 them go :
 Yes, 'twas hard their parting glances to endure ;
 For the ladies,—those dear creatures!—though they cannot go
 to fight,
 Are for liberty and freedom in this cause :
 They'll encourage us at noon-day, and they'll pray for us at
 night,
 While, away from home, we're fighting for our laws.

Well, the time had come for parting ; we our palaces must leave,
 And henceforth our cover shelter-tents must be,

That our country that had called us surely might from us receive
 What was due by manly freemen such as we.
 For we're fighting for the Union, and the Union we'll preserve
 Which our forefathers bequeathed us in their day,
 And tell future generations that no master we will serve
 Who would brand us as their mudsills on this day.

We have children yet agrowing who will soon this harvest reap,
 When the storm and clouds of warfare shall have passed;
 And there's generations coming who'll say our investment's
 cheap,
 Though months and years the brilliant contest lasts.
 Why! if diamonds cost their millions for the rich to feast their
 eyes,
 And gold to buy them lives a million more,
 Shall our children say of freedom, though in death their father
 lies,
 That 'twas costly, if we're buried by the score.

TUNE—*Cheer, boys, cheer!*

Cheer, boys, cheer! we've four months more of service;
 Cheer boys, cheer! some fighting we shall see:
 Cheer boys, cheer! Joe Hooker's after Longstreet;
 Cheer, boys, cheer! 'tis cornered soon he'll be.
 Tramp, boys, tramp! we're off for Hunter's chapel;
 Tramp, boys, tramp! for Arlington we're bound:
 Tramp, boys, tramp! our huts we leave behind us;
 Tramp, boys, tramp! while drummers give the sound.

Shout, boys, shout! we've hard-bread for our journey;
 Shout, boys, shout! we're real soldiers now:
 Shout, boys, shout! there's more that's going with us,—
 Shout, boys, shout! five hundred, and a cow!
 Laugh, boys, laugh! there's no use now of sighing;
 Laugh, boys, laugh! there's something to be done:
 Laugh, boys, laugh! let females do the crying,—
 Laugh, boys, laugh! there's victories to be won.

Weary of march we found ourselves at evening;
 Cold was the ground on which our bodies lay:
 Sad were our dreams, and chilled were we at waking;
 Few were the words our boys were heard to say.

New sights to see, much of the day employing ;
 Streets must be made, and tents be set in rows ;
 Then, for our beds, must grass and leaves be gathered :
 All that's to do, none but a soldier knows.

Cold days, with snow, while February lasted ;
 Stoves left behind, their value now we feel :
 Home and its comforts, could we then have tasted,
 Sweet would have been, but for our country's weal.
 Changes were made from private to commander ;
 Brave though some were, incompetent to lead :
 Yet, as they're tried, their names we'll never slander ;
 All can't be Generals, so says the "creed."

Now for a change,—the pickaxe for the rifle ;
 All on fatigue, the Adjutant does say :
 Five hundred men—of course, it's but a trifle—
 Tramp for the fort : there's big things for to-day.
 Snow half foot deep the past dark night has fallen ;
 Soon trodden down, by soldiers brogans pressed :
 Bold engineer, to full his equal calling,
 March to this ditch : there's no time now to rest.

None here to-day that can select their calling ;
 All now must dig, the country now to save,
 Listing not for this ; the pride of some it's galling :
 Hard thus it is the patriot to enslave.
 Clerks from their stores no satin now can measure ;
 Artists at home are diggers in this land :
 Push to the front, that we may have more leisure,—
 Fighting, for us, to spading in this sand.

TUNE—*Rose of Allandale.*

We've learned that's not all war to fight,
 And drill and dress parade,
 Or dwell in tents, like those of old,
 Or fly at every raid :
 But still with these it's hard enough
 The soldier's lot to bear ;
 We've guard and picket in the cold,
 And breastworks high to rear.

A coach is at the colonel's seen,
 A portly man within :
 The greenbacks in those trunks must be ;
 This makes the soldiers grin.
 We've long the suttler's mercy shared,
 To please the inner parts :
 We now can pay his dues to him,
 And purchase from the carts.

Well "March" had come the twenty third ;
 The mud begins to dry :
 A voice is from headquarters heard ;
 The Adjutant does cry,—
 Fall out in heavy marching trim,
 And to Long Bridge report ;
 Relieve the soldiers there on guard,
 For longer time or short.

Then well blacked boots our feet did grace,
 And gloves as white as snow :
 Turn out the guard,—a General comes ;
 Right dress, and make a row.
 Invert your piece,—the draw is up ;
 All teams must stop, nor go :
 The locomotive snorting comes,—
 The same 'posish, you know.

Thus, for two weeks, our time did pass :
 It was delightful, sure,
 For so few men to guard the gate,
 While "Abraham" slept secure ;
 And for this diligence, perhaps,
 (For speculation's rife,)
 Some married men a furlough got
 To visit home and wife.

A word for him with whom we've served,
 Since we were at Miner's Hill ;
 Of General Cowdin I would speak,
 Who well his place did fill.
 We know not why the government
 Did not confirm his rank ;
 But this we know,—there's one that *tries*
 To fill his place quite crank.

Though small of stature this man is,
 A Colonel he was made
 Of Massachusetts volunteers :
 They've surely missed his grade.
 A private in his regiment,
 Though in the rear rank found,
 Is better far than him to-day
 To lead a brigade round.

On 6th of April, strange to say,
 Yet no more strange than true,
 Some rebels got into our rear :
 We can't the truth construe.
 Connecticut troops did quell the raid ;
 The victory you may note :
 And, as we chanced to be at home,
 We thought that we would vote.

Most all returned ; not one was killed,
 Though wounded two or three :
 A glorious victory was won,
 As you can plainly see ;
 So Buckingham's our governor now,
 And Deming is M. C. :
 The Copperheads are driven back ;
 So ever "mote it be!"

TUNE—*The "Yankee Boys" at fighting are quite handy, oh !*

Well, 'twas down to Fort Monroe Uncle Sam said we must go ;
 And the boys were all equipped and on hand, you know :
 And Burr Porters was our guide ; and the brigade he did lead
 On a road he made himself to Alexandria, oh !

Then we traveled through the mud, and got there as best we
 could ;
 And our regiment in advance is with our band, you know :
 And the rain began to fall ; and the soldiers, short and tall,
 Will ne'er forget their tramp to Alexandria, oh !

It was there we waited long ; for our numbers were so strong
 That the transports were not able to embark us, oh !
 We retreated to a hill, there uncomfortable and chill ;
 For of fire, except in pipes, there's not a spark, you know.

But at four our time had come, on an April afternoon,
 And the fifteenth, so it says in the calendar, oh!
 Ten hundred men and one on the Mary Washington;
 And soon we left the shores of Alexandria, oh!

So we started on our trip, on this little two-wheeled ship;
 And the craft at moving forward was quite handy, oh!
 And at ten we anchored slick, just below Aquia Creek,
 Just forty-seven miles from Alexandria, oh!

Provision had been made for every sect and grade;
 For we did not have such room as when on land, you know:
 While the privates held the deck, non-commission had a check
 For a state-room in the chain-room, all so grand, you know.

In the morning, then, at five, every sailor was alive;
 And the anchor they were raising from the sandy, oh!
 So the Sergeants had to leave, and give place to the O heave;
 For the sailor at such language is quite handy, oh!

So we sailed the river down; for the Chesapeake we were bound,
 With a thousand Yankee questions where we think we'd go:
 Some said the river James; others thought it was the same;
 While some said it was the York and the Pamunkey, oh!

Well, our guessing it did end when an order they did send,
 When our transports anchored safely out from Fort Monroe,
 That we should to Norfolk sail, and from thence to take the rail,
 And to Suffolk, though our rations were so short, you know.

Then, at Norfolk, in box cars, we were packed, as if in jars:
 It was eleven in the evening when we started, oh!
 And away through Dismal Swamp, without a candle or a lamp,
 Was the way the whole division it was carted, oh!

On the seventeenth, at eight, we had hard tack on our plate,
 And hot coffee: where'd we get it? I'll inform you, oh!
 Friends we'd parted with at home, of our own flesh, blood, and
 bone,
 Brought it o'er to us in kettles, all so warm you know.

Then Burr Porter led the way, as we went over sand and clay,
 While the sun was beating on us, and we sweat, you know:

Yet it's no time to despond ; for, just o'er the Nansemond,
There is Longstreet with his army to be beat, you know.

There we anchored for a while, close to darky huts a pile ;
And our boys went out a scouting all so grand you know :
Soon our gunboats threw a shell through a rebel house pell-mell ;
For there's few more left in yankce doodle dandy, oh !

So there came shots in return, for the rebel grit did burn ;
And their balls came over into Suffolk land, you know :
So the boys they soon came back, and to chewing their hard
tack ;
For 'twas risky scouting over in that land, you know.

Well, as Sunday is the day, rebels rather fight than pray ;
So the nineteenth of April, it was handy, oh !
As our gunboats did pass by, rebels let the missiles fly
From a battery they'd planted on the Sandy, oh !

Now some sharpshooters had stood on a point of rebel wood,
While the batteries the gunboats tried to strand, you know :
They did kill the pilot dead by a bullet through his head,
And another : both were buried on the land, you know.

Then Connecticut the Eighth, who for fighting are so great,
(There is no retreating backward with that band, you know,)
Crossed the river in the night, and, after a short fight,
Took the battery and rebels all so handy, oh !

But the glory 's not to one, as we'll see when war is done,
Though for valor some are leaders in this land, you know ;
'Twas the New-York Eighty-ninth to their help came round
the point,
While the shot and shell did whistle through the sandy, oh !

Then the Twenty-second all did receive a hasty call
To rally to the rescue of that bandy, oh !
We were rallied in the night, and then marched away to fight,
While the wind it whistled Yankee Doodle Dandy, oh !

When we'd walked for many miles, we laid down ourselves in
piles,
For the rest that nature needed, in the sand, you know ;

Then rose again at four, and made miles two or three more ;
 Yet the gunboats could not take us to the land we'd go.

Then the stretchers passed by, on which wounded men did lie,
 Who had fought so brave and daring the past night, you
 know ;

While within a little shed lay three other patriots dead,
 Who had been both brave and valiant in the fight, you know.

Now all honor to those braves, though they lie in covered
 graves :

May we ever ably follow their example, oh !
 Honor to their silent dust to die in a cause so just,
 To punish those who on our laws would trample, oh !

TUNE—*The Old English Gentleman.*

Then laid we down to rest awhile, with trappings on, and gun ;
 And night came on,—no blankets here : I'm sure this is no fun.
 Some in the barn upon the husks, some lay upon the corn ;
 While some, obliged to lay outside, did wish they'd ne'er been
 born.

But it's all for Uncle Samuel of these United States.

When morning came, some fire was made to boil a bit of tea ;
 Our peepers they were washed and wiped, that we the rebs
 might see.

Thus passed that day as days before ; our knapsacks came at
 night :

We slept that night, as nights before, all harnessed for the fight,
 Just like other troops of Samuel's, of these United States.

When all along the Nansemond we'd raised the breastworks
 high,

The Fourth Wisconsin Battery was brought unto us nigh,
 And stationed to confront the rebs (beyond the other shore,)
 Who now did not dare show their heads, for fear the balls
 would pour

From the guns of Uncle Samuel of these United States.

The darkies made us hoe-cake, and charged us but a dime ;
 And well, too, they could do that same just in the knick of time.

Oh, how their eyes did glisten when they saw the dough come down!

For we'd received the greenbacks, before coming to this town,
From the treasury of Samuel, of these United States.

We picketed here, day and night, that we might be secure,
And guarded rebel property: 'twas all right, to be sure.
We changed with other regiments; we did not do it all:
We could not say they slighted us,—they surely would us call,
When wanting troops of Samuel, of these United States.

At three in morning we must rise, and stand in battle line,
Though to our health these heavy dews are dangerous in this
clime: •

Then on fatigue from six to six, it certainly was tough;
Then on at night from nine till two, we could not do enough
To kill the troops of Samuel, of these United States.

The third of May we're marched away, or rather in the night;
We're told the rebs are very thick, we going to have a fight:
We picketed for those who went, some laurels for to win,
By crossing on a pontoon bridge to burn a cotton gin!
Yet it's all for Uncle Samuel of these United States.

But oftentimes it's hard to tell,—we're certainly not sure;
We're many times in danger when we feel a bit secure:
For, though we could not fire a gun, though rebels plain we see,
Their shot and shell they throwed at us, from morn till early tea,
To kill the troops of Samuel of these United States.

The Fifteenth, Sixteenth of our State did skirmish through the
woods

With New-York regiments a few, who left this side their goods.
They found the rebs were not so thick as they would wish to be;
For some had left, two days before, to reinforce old Lee,
Who was fighting troops of Samuel, of these United States.

So, as they'd gone, we too must go, and follow them about;
And we had orders very soon to take another route.
We marched on foot, and rode in cars, and on the boat did go;
And sixth of May we anchored safe opposite Fort Monroe:
It is all for Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

Then what they'd do we could not tell ; we stayed for more'n a day :

The Greenback he came on board, and we did get our pay.
On seventh, at six, we started on ; of distance we'll not talk :
At nine o'clock we crossed the bar from Chesapeake to the York,
These troops of Uncle Samuel of these United States.

Three gunboats followed after us, and sometimes went before ;
Of troops we numbered on this route three thousand men or more.

A battery or two they had ; but soon they did unjoint :
We landed on that self;same night all safely at West Point,—
These troops of Uncle Samuel of these United States.

The rebel pickets frightened were ; toward rebeldom they ran :
Our cavalry, in chasing them, lost by a fall one man.
We took of prisoners a few that straggled by the way :
The townsmen don't know what to do,—What's coming now ?
they say.

Why, they're troops of Uncle Samuel of these United States.

When landed safely on the shore, as there's no rebs to shoot,
But mud a plenty on that shore, ('twas truly over boot,)
We made our usual sumptuous meal of coffee and hard tack ;
For of this great commodity does seldom ever lack,—
The troops of Uncle Samuel of these United States.

Then on to Richmond is the word, for Hooker's sure to win ;
He wants this for base of supplies whenever he gets in :
So we must here entrench ourselves against a rebel foe ;
And here we'll stay, nor move again till we are told to go
By Generals of Samuel, of these United States.

We toiled the whole dark night to rear the breastworks on our front ;
The Massachusetts guarded, while the rest did bear the blunt :
The New-York Hundred Forty-first stood with us all the time ;
And veteran soldiers too they are,—there's more of the same kind ;

They are troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

Miles of embankments peered above the breasts of stalwart men,
Six forts in just as many days : just beat it if you can.

Our gunboats lined the river bank, their bull-dogs faced the foe;
 And when they spoke, the missiles flew just at the order, *Go*,
 From powder that is Samuel's, of these United States.

For quite a time we remain here; we were entrenched strong;
 Some magazines we built besides,—we mean to stay here long;
 Our acting Brigadier is crank, his orders are obeyed;
 He sends us on the gunboats, and we make a Yankee raid,
 And get some feed for Samuel, of these United States.

A compliment we all did get from General Gordon's hand,
 Signed A. A. G. and A. A. C., or any other man,
 For doing all the work so well: there's no more now to do
 But work all day and guard all night, salute us in the blue,—
 The officers of Samuel, of these United States.

The wharf was loaded with the stores that Union soldiers need;
 For now the soldiers, twice a week, can have his share of bread
 And beans, and some potatoes too, and also musty rice,
 With other things in general to make it go so nice
 For the troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

We streets and avenues laid out in length a mile or more:
 The like, on that Virginia soil, they never saw before.
 We fenced our Colonel's cabin in,—our General's, too, the same;
 And also round the hospital for lazy folks and lame,
 Of the troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

Our suttlers took advantage, then,—they thought they had us
 tight;
 They brought the extra fixings there, and charged with all their
 might:
 Two cents apiece for ginger cakes, (of course it was not high,)
 And cheese at forty cents a pound, as much as you could buy;
 But we're troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

On twenty-ninth, in month of May, we marching orders had
 To move to parts to us unknown: 'twas certainly too bad;
 But we must ask no questions now,—it's not for us to know;
 For when the General says the word, 'tis then have got to go,—
 The troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

The farmers in that country round were slinking in their boots;
 For e're all this they'd planted corn, and now they see the shoots:
 They'd sold it all to rebel Jeff; but now they did discover
 That 'twas one thing to sell the goods,—another, to deliver!

For they feared the troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

It's hard sometimes to tell what's best,—some heads are very small;

And what is growing in this land we may reap in the fall;
 Or if old Jeff. should think it best soon to give up the strife,
 They'll want the corn to eat themselves, for 'tis their staff of life.

We all belong to Samuel, of these United States.

On thirty-first, at eleven o'clock, we started on our way;
 The transports were all ready, for they came that very day:
 The gunboats stood as sentinels till all had cleared the dock,
 Then started all, machinery as steady as a clock,

With the troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

Some signs of life that river showed that night, you may be sure:
 No batteries attacked us; we made our way secure.
 Our base we had commenced too high,—unguarded was the rear:
 Some scouts are seen at Williamsburg; and who the way can clear

Like the troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States?

We made our way to Yorktown in just six hours ride,
 And landed on that sandy shore, but did not there abide.
 We marched to the old battle-ground, some two miles to the rear,

On fields where brave Connecticut boys had strove about a year
 As good as troops of Samuel, of these United States.

A day we wandered through the woods and fields to get a view
 Of works 'twere built with shovels by our McClellan crew.
 We found 'twas but an empty show; all we had seen before,—
 Turnpikes for military trains, and rifle-pits a score,

Were dug by troops of Samuel of these United States.

We nigh forgot our hardships while looking o'er the grave
 Of many who, two years ago, left friends and home to save

A legacy bestowed on us by those who've gone before,
 Whose bones commingle with the dust on this York river shore,
 Who were troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

We saw the works of rebel hands, Magruder and his host;
 And of their magnitude and strength they certainly can boast:
 But, though they rear their forts so high, and get themselves
 inside,
 They can't expect to prosper when the country they'd divide;
 For it all belongs to Samuel, of these United States.

We saw the works of ancient days, when England stalwart stood,
 And told us we must bow to her whether we'd not or would,—
 The spot where her Cornwallis gave our Washington his sword:
 She'd bind us all by helping Jeff, if it she could afford;
 But she fears the troops of Samuel, of these United States.

Well, days went on of drilling and dress parades a few;
 Our business here is seeking the rebels to subdue;
 We measured fields, in exercise, of miles a half a score;
 But what is that to veterans who've done the same before,
 And fought for Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

But war's a curious thing, indeed,—we never settled are,
 Though e'er so nicely fixed we be, and streets laid out with care,
 Our tents arrayed with evergreens, our Colonel's in the shade:
 The rebs are up at Williamsburg; so marching order's had,—
 The troops of Uncle Samuel of these United States.

'Twas Tuesday morning, June the ninth, we started for that
 place:
 At ten in morning, all the troops were harnessed for the race.
 The sun was beating on the sand, we heavy loaded were,
 And dust enough to smother one; but this does not deter
 The troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

We tramped and rested by the way, for twelve long weary miles,
 O'er ground that troops had marched before, the men in double
 files.
 We laid ourselves upon the ground, and took a soldier's meal,
 With weary limbs and blistered feet: we'd murmur, but we feel
 We're troops of Uncle Samuel of these United States.

We rest a day at Williamsburg, then march away to fight;
 And, after going twenty miles, we bivouack for the night,—
 Skirmished the woods for miles around on each side of the way.
 Of prisoners we took a few: we did enough that day
 For troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

We found them few and far between,—the rebel hosts, I mean;
 We neared the Chickahominy, the York, and James between;
 On thirteenth made Diascon Bridge: the rebel legion ran;
 And Wise, who led them double quick, himself the river swam,
 Followed by troops of Samuel, of these United States.

But Sunday came,—the day of rest proclaimed by Lincoln's law,
 That it might coincide with "His" who ancient Moses saw.
 We read and talked, we sang and prayed; the birds in music
 chime;
 The glorious sun was moving on, and summing up the time
 Of troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States. ●

'Tis Monday, and the time has come we ought to start for home;
 But letters we must send to friends, as yet we cannot come:
 We have some foraging to do, some bushwhackers to fight,—
 To skirmish round the farms by day, and picket in the night,
 As troops of Uncle Samuel, of these United States.

The men who 're prisoners taken here are Union to the bone;
 The women they are strong secesh, and dare that thing to own:
 The pigs and geese are contraband, with every other fowl;
 Yet, when we go to take a few, it makes the secesh scowl.
 But they all belong to Samuel of these United States.

Yet, while we're in this vale of tears, some incidents occur;
 Some bushwhackers a servant kill,—at this we do demur:
 Our Major has with some a brush, escapes with loss of hat;
 And picket posts are fired upon, yet we do not mind that:
 We'll show them soon that Samuel can father all their States.

TUNE—*Belle of the Mohawk Vale.*

How sweet to reflect, while we set and watch the rebs,
 As the sun winds its way to the West,
 And in intrigue to catch them, we weave our many webs,
 While reserves they do fix for their rest.

But sweeter by far if at home away from here,
 With our loved ones, our pillow to smooth,
 With our mothers, sisters, wives and children dear,
 And other kind friends that we love.

'Tis sweet to reflect, that when darkness comes at night,
 That there's one who our actions can see,
 Who will come to our help, for he truly is the light
 Of those who do try good to be.
 Then ever we'll pray, while our cause it is so just,
 That our foes may not prosper in the strife;
 Let us rally, rally, rally to the cause,
 While our service shall last, or our life.

While night spreads its mantle of darkness o'er the sky,
 And the owl looks away from his nest;
 And the whip-poor-will sings, and the pale mourning dove,
 As she sits in the bush by the crest.
 'Tis then that thoughts of home, come to harrow up the mind
 Of those who as sentinels stand,
 While they're watching, watching, watching toward the foe,
 For the safety of those of his land.

Thus on the sixteenth of June we were watching in our lair,
 While the stars shone so bright from the sky,
 When ordered we were to our camp ground to repair;
 Inquisitive we asked the for why.
 Your time is soon to end, and home they would you send,
 Was the answer received from our relief;
 You've been watching, digging, watching all your time,
 And your stay in this land will be brief.

Then in silence we rolled up our blankets from the leaves,
 And slung them, our shoulders around,
 And slowly we walked to our quarters in the camp,
 For no drummers could there give the sound.
 We'd have liked well to cheer those that came to our relief,
 Though they sorrowed the joy was not their own;
 They'll stay watching, watching, watching night and day,
 While for a few weeks we go home.

With them had we travelled for many weary miles,
 And shared with them trials and cares,

And thus soon to part leaving them to share the toils,
 Might seen us asunder to tear ;
 But our hearts they are knit by a cord that will hold,
 Though we furlough at home for a while,
 While they're watching, watching, watching there so bold
 For the foe on the old sacred soil.

TUNE—*Homeward Bound.*

Bright were the fires when we got to our camp,
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 Light were the hearts, though a long way to tramp,
 We're homeward bound, &c.
 Nine months we've toiled hard, the rebs to subdue,
 Nine months we've been to our old flag so true,
 Now we'll go home other duties to do,
 We're homeward bound, &c.

Hark ! hear the tread of the braves coming in,
 We're homeward bound, &c.
 Out to the front as bold pickets they've been,
 We're homeward bound, &c.
 Long have we read from the letters received,
 At home we're needed and this we've believed,
 Now when by ending of service relieved,
 We're homeward bound, &c.

Now in divisions we stand in a line,
 We're homeward bound, &c.
 Weary for sleep, we'll not murmur nor pine,
 We're homeward bound, &c.
 Surely to this have our graces been tried,
 Now sets our Colonel his stallion astride,
 Oh ! 'twould be nice, if we all now could ride,
 We're homeward bound, &c.

Now in the midnight his clear voice his heard,
 We're homeward bound, &c.
 Men mind you orders, and hark for the word,
 We're homeward bound, &c.
 An enemy's land you are travelling through,
 Strict you'll be holden your duty to do,
 All that I tell you, remember is true,
 We're homeward bound, &c.

Through dark ravines in the midnight we tread,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Much better spirits than if in our bed,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Brooks half foot deep, we've to ford on our way,
Mud the same depth but we've nothing to say;
Better 'twill be when the sun brings the joy,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Miles do we pass e're we stop for to rest,
We're homeward bound, &c.
Sweat pouring now off from head, neck and breast,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Boldly to conquer did each of us strive,
Big strapping darkies the mule teams did drive ;
Home thoughts are all that can keep us alive,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Morn brings the spires of old Williamsburgh nigh,
We're homeward bound, &c.
Blistered our feet, yet you scarce hear a sigh,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Then we're refreshed by a bathe in the brook,
Then we regaled with some beaus from our cook ;
Night comes along, towards old Yorktown we look,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Who'll take our luggage, we've more'n forty pounds,
We're homeward bound, &c.

We've got our rations besides forty rounds,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Long have we backed them, through field, marsh, or road,
Though for some backs it was more than a load ;
Now we'll have mules as we seek our abode,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Thus loaded lightly, we marched with much ease,
We're homeward bound, &c.

With every order the soldier is pleased,
We're homeward bound, &c.

Dusty the road over which we've to pass,
Dusty it was when we come o'er it last;
Soon we'll be where we can lounge on the grass,
We're homeward bound, &c.

TUNE—*Way down in the Carolina State.*

Where, oh, where is the government transport ;
 Where, oh, where is the government transport :
 Where, oh, where is the government transport,
 That will take the Twenty-Second home?

Forty miles we've come for to meet it ;
 Repeat twice.
 For to take the Twenty-Second home.

Gone to a raid in Pennsylvania ;
 Repeat.
 So the government havn't got any
 For to take the Twenty-Second home.

Mayor Allyn's gone to find them ;
 Repeat.
 In about one week he'll send them
 For to take the Twenty-Second home.

Colonel says 'twill come to-morrow,
 Repeat twice.
 For to take the Twenty-Second home.

By and bye we hope to see them,
 Repeat.
 Rolling up the old York River,
 For to take the Twenty-Second home.

TUNE—*Fairy Belle.*

On Friday, June the twenty-sixth, the transport was at hand
 To take us on the homeward stretch towards Freedom's glorious
 land.

We had embarked at two P. M., were steaming down the York ;
 Of how we'd be received at home we now began to talk.

Home again, we're going home again,
 Away from the war where so many have been slain ;
 Friends to see,—oh, what a joy 'twill be,
 When we are sheltered in the land of the free !

The beautiful Chesapeake is seen, we're rolling on its tide ;
 Our craft is fast at sailing, as up the bay we glide ;
 We view the green or grassy banks on either side or shore.
 At three on morn of twenty-seventh, we came to Baltimore.

Home again, were going home again,
 Away from the war where so many have been slain;
 Friends to see,—oh, what a joy 'twill be,
 When we are sheltered in the land of the free!

'Twas here we found good things to eat, purchased from loyal
 hands:

Hard tack is at a discount now, away from Dixie's sands.
 We got aboard a train of cars, proceeded on our way,
 'Mid hearty cheers from citizens: it was a gala day.
 Home again, &c.

At two P. M. we came to where the car-track finds an end,
 Connected by a ferry boat, o'er which the cars they send;
 Made Wilmington at six at night, and Holly Oak at seven:
 The change from Dixie is so great, 'tis like a little heaven.
 Home again, we're going home again, &c.

Then Philadelphia city we did reach at early eve;
 And such a welcome we did get you hardly would believe.
 They bade us to refresh ourselves as thousands had before;
 Within their fitted "Cooper shop" we could not ask for more.
 Home again, we're going home again, &c.

Of those pure loyal hearts we found we cannot say enough;
 Their love for Union soldiers is of the purest stuff:
 They wished us all a safe return to friends left long ago.
 We left them with nine hearty cheers; our thanks we could not
 show.

Home again, we're going home again, &c.

Then crossed we on the ferry boat, and took the cars again,
 And o'er New Jersey Central road it was a joyous train.
 At Jersey City landed we on twenty-eighth A. M.:
 All safely housed by iron gates were these bold Union men.
 Home again, we're going home again, &c.

'Tis Sunday here, the bells do say: some time it is, at least,
 Since we were called by such as these to rally to the feast.
 Then well known Colonel Almy soon did bring refreshments
 round,

A word to those who'll lend an ear to what I have to say:—
 Whether you've friends away to war, or if they're home to-day,
 Do all you can to comfort them, in hospital or field;
 And you will see, in harvest time, abundant it will yield.
 Home again, we are home again, &c.

Now to the State which we belong a word we have to say:—
 The Twenty-Second Volunteers have had no days to play:
 We've done our duty faithfully; and as we're not all slain,
 A right she's got to thank the Lord she's us to send again.
 Home again, we are home again, &c.

But what a set of men are we to grumble in this way!
 A week it takes to muster out; but nought at this we say.
 The day goes by for want of time to charge to every man
 The value paid nine months ago for clothes *now* second-hand.
 Home again, we are home again, &c.

'Tis July eighth, and mustering and payman, both arrive,
 And with them almost every man that still remains alive;
 And soon they lowered hill-tops and valleys rose to view:
 We citizens of State became. And now to all ADIEU.
 Home again, we are home again, &c.

E N D .



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